

P O E M S

B Y

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Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

THE FOURTH EDITION,

CORRECTED and ENLARGED.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

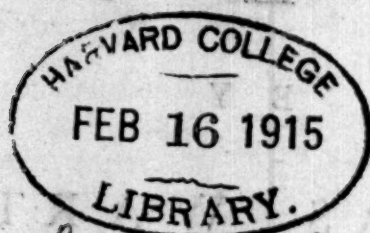
ΤΑ ΡΟΔΑ ΤΑ ΔΡΟΣΟΕΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ Η ΚΑΤΑΠΥΚΝΟΣ ΕΚΕΙΝΗ

ΕΡΠΥΔΑΟΣ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΕΛΙΚΩΝΙΑΣΙ

ΤΑΙ ΔΕ ΜΕΛΑΜΦΥΛΛΟΙ ΔΑΦΝΑΙ ΤΙΝ ΠΥΘΙΕ ΠΑΙΑΝ.

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CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The Triumph of Isis.	—	pag. 1
Elegy on the Death of the late Frederick Prince of Wales.	—	16
Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley-Hall in Warwickshire.	— —	19
Monody written near Stratford upon Avon.		22
On the Death of King George the Second.		24
On the Marriage of the King.	—	30
On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.		35
Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted Window at New College.	—	41

O D E S.

I. To Sleep.	— — —	49
II. The Hamlet.	— — —	51
III. Written at Vale-Royal Abbey.		55
IV. The first of April.	— —	61

vi C O N T E N T S.

V. To Mr. Upton, on his New Edition of Spenser's Faerie Queene. — pag.	67
VI. The Suicide. — — —	69
VII. To a Friend, on his leaving a favorite Village in Hampshire. — —	75
VIII. The Complaint of Cherwell.	81
IX. The Crusade. — — —	87
X. The Grave of King Arthur. —	93

S O N N E T S.

I. Written at Winslade in Hampshire.	105
II. On Bathing. — — —	106
III. Written on a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon. — — —	107
IV. Written at Stonehenge. —	108
V. Written at seeing Wilton-House.	109
VI. To Mr. Gray. — — —	110
VII. — — — — —	111
VIII. On King Arthur's Round-table at Winchester. — —	112
IX. To the River Lodon. — — —	113

T H E
T R I U M P H of I S I S,
OCCASIONED BY
I S I S an E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.*—

CLAUDIAN.

O N closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:

B

And calmly musing through the twilight way,
 In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
 When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
 And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
 While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
 The silver-flipper'd virgin lightly trod;
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
 To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
 For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:

When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish CAM unite;
 To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cause;
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
 To power your songs of Gratulation pay,
 To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
 What though your gentle MASON's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
 What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
 Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head? —
 Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!

A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let ----- boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis our's, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;

To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.

Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my chrystal
spring,

Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,

"These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:

And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,

Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.

See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;

My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,

The mien erect, and high majestic gait:

Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,

And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:

My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine:

* The Radcliffe Library.

That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
 Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
 In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.

Hark ! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart :
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm ;
 Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence :
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword ;
 From me, as from my country, claims applause,
 And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ;

Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
 This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
 Britain's victorious crosses from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
 The deep foundations of the floating pile:
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
 The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
 With every conflict of the stormy flood;
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time !
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence ;
 Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the light,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite ;
 Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
 clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
 Lo ! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !—
 Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the feat ;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free !

Ev'n now, confefs'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy gifted fons arife.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads :
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
 And beams on all around celestial fire,
 With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
 The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance :
 See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,
 And Selden ope the rolls of antient lore :
 To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
 See Locke lead Reason, his majeſtic bride :
 See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
 And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
 And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe :
 Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd ;
 Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd ;

Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
 All that adorn'd or humanis'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
 All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
 'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
 And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
 To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
 With mild debate each musing feature glows,
 And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
 "Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
 A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
 These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
 Their future sons the great example taught:
 While in each youth, th' hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the fable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade :
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
 The § Patriot King before me seems to stand.
 He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
 That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
 Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
 The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;
 From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :

Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
 Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
 Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
 She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
 Lo ! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.
 'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
 Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause :
 He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
 And sooth'd to soft society's controul
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
 Elate he views his laurel'd progeny :
 Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express'd :
 Conscious he sees, fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive !

(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam

Unfullied on his antient diadem ;)

Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs

She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings ;

That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,

Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

O For the warblings of the Doric ote,
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died !
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic, hung.

II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild :
A nations' tears shall teach my song to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

III.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
 To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride;
 Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
 And rural walks on Isis' tufted side:
 To rove at large amid the landscapes still,
 Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad hill.

IV.

How, lock'd in pure Affection's golden band,
 Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
 With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
 His temples binding with domestic bays:
 Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
 Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

V.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
 He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
 Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
 The banks of silver Helicon beset:
 Nor feldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre
 To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire.

VI.

How to the Few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state :
Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

At ANSLEY HALL, in WARWICKSHIRE.

I.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,

I sooth to peace my pensive mind :

And while, to shade my lowly cave,

Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;

And while the maple dish is mine,

The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine :

I scorn the gay licentious croud,

Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and still,

The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;

Fast by my couch, congenial guest

The wren has wove her mossy nest ;

From busy scenes, and brighter skies,

To lurk with innocence, she flies ;

Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,

Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

III.

At morn, I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount :
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

IV.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brads-embossed book,
 Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice gray;
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

M O N O D Y,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
 Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
 Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
 Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd ile inclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embowering shade,
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;

An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wifard's hall ;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

ON THE DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT. §

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The Tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O PITT, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which antient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample Wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

§ Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems
close the collections of OXFORD VERSES on their respective occasions
and were written while the author was Poetry Professor.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause:
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings;
 Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore;
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat,
 The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
 For, taught like our's, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependence to divide:

Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as GEORGE'S trophied throne?
 At whose firm base, thy steadfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's antient fires:
 Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
 Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:

Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
 One common cause one common end prescribes:
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O PITT, while honour points thy liberal ~~Man~~,
 And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
 Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.

For 'tis not Her's, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid Slavery's fordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast,
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
 From kings, like GEORGE, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial Muse

From that calm Bower*, which nurs'd thy
thoughtful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth :
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye ;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign ;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a GEORGE's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the OCEANA, were educated.

O N T H E

M A R R I A G E O F T H E K I N G,

M. D C C L X I.

T O H E R M A J E S T Y.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
 When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
 Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
 Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
 Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
 Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
 That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low ;
 Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
 The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
 Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
 Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
 Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
 And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall ;
 While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,
 Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
 Lo ! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
 What fertile fields her temperate suns display !
 Where Property secures the conscious swain,
 And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
 Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
 Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
 Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
 And future navies crown her darksome hills.
 To bear her formidable glory far,
 Behold her opulence of hoarded war !

See, from her ports a thousand banners stream ;
 On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
 Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
 In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
 Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
 Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O ! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
 Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
 While cunning Bards at antient banquets sung
 Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
 Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
 And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
 Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew :

But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tiffued vest !
 Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
 And told the golden ties of wedded love
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
 Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
 O mark, how green her wood of antient bays
 O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
 Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
 Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due ;
 If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;

Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;
 Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside :
 Nor from the shade shall GEORGE be long away,
 That claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts
 her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
 With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !
 But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
 Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms ;
 Though GEORGE and Conquest guard her sea-girt
 throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own ;
 And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
 Crowns her chief honours with a CHARLOTTE's
 name.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR,

IN THE SAME YEAR, MDCCLXII.

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
GEORGE shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain ;
 Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train :
 For lo ! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir !
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly die,
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of antient chivalry's undaunted toils;
 Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
 Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye:
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love
 Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
 Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;

Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy huz.

And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:

Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine antient
boast,
Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,

At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright Order bursts to perfect day :
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On Virtue's base it's rescued glory rears :
 Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts atchieve,
 Sees meek Humanity distress relieve ;
 Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

V E R S E S

O N

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW

AT NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mafs,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the fpeaking glafs !
 Nor steal, by ftrokes of art with truth combin'd,
 The fond illufions of my wayward mind !
 For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
 A faithlefs truant to the claffic page ;
 Long have I lov'd to catch the fimple chime
 Of minftrel-harps, and fpell the fabling rime ;
 To view the feftive rites, the knightly play,
 That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;
 To mark the moulderling halls of Barons bold,
 And the rough caftle, caft in giant mould ;

G

With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
Where SUPERSTITION, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd ;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile :
Whilst as around the far-retiring ile,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,

With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
 From bliss long felt unwillingly we part :
 Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
 Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
 Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam !
 That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
 Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray !

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
 But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?
 No more the matchless skill I call unkind
 That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
 For when again I view thy chaste Design,
 The just proportion, and the genuine line ;
 Those native pourtraitures of Attic art,
 That from the lucid surface seem to start ;
 Those tints, that steal no glories from the day
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray :

The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
 That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
 Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
 The feature blooming with immortal life:
 The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
 Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
 The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
 Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
 O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
 Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
 Which late my visionary rapture fed:
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
 And brought my bosom back to truth again:
 To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
 To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
 Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
 To truth, whose Charms deception's magic quell,
 And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
 Ye Rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
 Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
 Ye Saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display:
 Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
 Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine:
 Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
 Ye Martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
 Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise:
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!
 Ye Colours, that th' unwary fight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
 No more the Sacred Window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.

Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own !
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain !
 The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil ;
 But calls the lineaments of life compleat
 From genial alchymy's creative heat ;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives.

REYNOLDS, tis thine, from the broad window's
 height,
 To add new lustre to religious light :
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

O D E S.

w's

O D E S

O D E I.

TO SLEEP.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm :
 Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

O D E II.

T H E H A M L E T.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
 Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:

On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen, the screaming jay :
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
 For them the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :
 Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve,
 No riot mars the simple fare
 That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :
 But when the curfew's measur'd roar
 Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,

No trophied canopies, to close

Their drooping eyes in quick repose,

Their little sons, who spread the bloom

Of health around the clay-built room,

Or through the primros'd coppice stray,

Or gambol in the new-mown hay;

Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,

Or drive afield the tardy kine;

Or hasten from the sultry hill

To loiter at the shady rill;

Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,

To rob the raven's antient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers

The curling woodbine's shade embowers:

From the small garden's thymy mound

Their bees in busy swarms resound:

Nor fell Disease, before his time,

Hastes to consume life's golden prime;

But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

O D E III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBY IN CHESHIRE*.

AS evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
 No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
 Than the faint din, from yonder sedgey shore,
 Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.
 How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mus'd
 Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow,
 And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
 His crouded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!
 The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
 Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
 Are rest, and every battlement o'ergrown
 With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

* Founded by king Edward the first, about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plummy crest,
 And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
 Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
 With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
 Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
 And through the lessening files, in radiant rows,
 Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the fable yew
 Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
 And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew,
 O'er the forgotten graves, and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
 That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
 No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
 Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
 No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
 (Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
 Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
 (While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
 When the weak breeze in many a whisper breaths,
 I seem to listen to the chanting quire.—

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
 Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
 Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
 Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the forceress, Superstition blind,
 Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
 Oft bade her visionary gleams arise :

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
 While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
 And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
 Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,
 Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:
 Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
 Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with gothic pourtraiture
 Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
 Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
 No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
 Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
 Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray
 Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here antient Art her dedal fancies play'd
 In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
 In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
 And rang'd the cluster'd column, maffy-proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
 Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
 But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
 The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came
 An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
 Hung lowering, and around the social flame
 Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
 Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
 To pluck the grey moss from the mantled stone,
 Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
 With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
 And with fair images of antient things
 The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse;
 Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
 Severer Reason forms far other views,
 And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes, new glories rise;
 More useful institutes, adorning man,
 Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
 On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
 Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine:
 While freed Religion, like primeval light
 Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

O D E IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos

Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse

The boisterous boy the Fair denies,

Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,

And shrinking at the northern blast,

The fleet storm returning still,

The morning hoar, and evening chill;

Reluctant comes the timid Spring.

Scarce a bee, with airy ring,

Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,

That cloath the garden's southern bound:

Scarce a sickly straggling flower

Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:

Scarce the hardy primrose peeps

From the dark dell's entangled steeps:

O'er the field of waving broom,

Slowly shoots the golden bloom:

And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale

Tinctures the transitory gale.

While from the shrubbery's naked maze,

Where the vegetable blaze

Of Flora's brightest broidery shone,

Every chequer'd charm is shewn;

Save that the lilac hangs to view

Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land

The beans their new-born ranks expand:

The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades

Thinly the sprouting barley shades:

Fringing the forest's devious edge,

Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;

Or to the distant eye displays

Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:

From the grey moor, on feeble wing,

The screaming plovers idly spring:

The butterfly, gay-painted foen,

Explores awhile the tepid noon;

And fondly trusts its tender dies

To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,

If a cloud should haply lower,

Sailing o'er the landscape dark,

Mute on a sudden is the lark;

But when gleams the sun again

O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,

And from behind his watery vail

Looks through the thin-descending hail;

She mounts, and lessening to the sight,

Salutes the blythe return of light,

And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier ile,
Where GLYM's low banks neglected smile;

And each trim meadow still retains

The wintry torrent's oozy stains :

Beneath a willow, long forfok,

The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;

And bursting through the crackling sedge

That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,

He startles from the bordering wood,

The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,

Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,

And with eager bleatings fill

The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke

To lordly man's usurping yoke,

The bounding colt forgets to play,

Basking beneath the noontide ray,

And stretch'd among the daisies pide

Of a green dingle's sloping side :

*hollow between
hills*

While far beneath, where nature spreads
 Her boundless length of level meads,
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
 Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance ;
 The field, the forest, green and gay,
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay ;
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow :
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe :
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And Plenty load her ample horn.

O D E V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEEN.

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page ;
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age :

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise ;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground :
His wifard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
 The castle of proud Busyrane to quell ;
 Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
 And broke with golden spear the mighty spell :

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
 Each room, array'd in glistering imagery ;
 And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
 Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by*.—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
 She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
 Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
 Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow dropping long,
 Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;
 Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
 Its native charm, and genuine grace, resumes.

* See FAIRY QUEEN, iii. 2. 5.

O D E VI.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave ;
 Within a solitary grave,
 A Slayer of himself * holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day ;
 As by the brook that lingering laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with fable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

* " The Slayer of himself " is used by Dryden for a *Suicide*.

I mark'd his defultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah ! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand embu'd :
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light;
 And fought the powers of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dew's his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood :
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,

DESPAIR, for ever in his view,

A spectre pale, appear'd;

While, as the shades of eve arose

And brought the day's unwelcome close,

More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

" Is this, mistaken Scorn will cry,

" Is this the youth, whose genius high

" Could build the genuine rime?

" Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse

" Had stor'd with all her ample views,

" Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild

By treacherous magic was beguil'd,

To strike the deathful blow:

She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind

With many a feeling too refin'd,

And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love ;
 To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than nature gave he knew,
 While misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
 The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew :
 Nor oh ! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
 With spring's green-fswelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought ?
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
 To build a visionary shrine,
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions
 brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite ?

Here viewless mourners shall delight

To touch the shadowy shell :

And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom

Of Laura, lost in early bloom,

In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,

This votive dirge sad Duty paid,

Within an ivied nook :

Sudden the half-sunk orb of day

More radiant shot its parting ray,

And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;

" Nor thus for guilt in specious lays

" The wreath of glory twine :

" In vain with hues of gorgeous glow

" Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,

" Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

" Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
 " Permits through life at large to rove
 " The tribes of hell-born Woe :
 " Yet the same power that wisely sends
 " Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 " Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

" Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 " Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
 " And stay'd the rising storm :
 " Had bade the fun of hope appear
 " To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
 " And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

" Vain man ! 'tis heaven's prerogative
 " To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 " Thy tributary breath :
 " In awful expectation plac'd,
 " Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 " To pluck from God's right hand his instruments
 " of death."

O D E VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

A H mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! No more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 Who now shall climb its brows to view
 The length of landscape, ever new,
 Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
 Her varied vesture far and wide !
 Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :
 The flinty dove-cote's crouded roof,
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof :
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 Darkens the long-deserted hall :

The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train :
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way ;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !
Who mid thy nooks of hazle fit,
Lost in some melancholy fit ;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak !
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?

Who, musing waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
 With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn;
 Nor fond attention loves to note
 The weather's bell from folds remote:
 While, own'd by no poetic eye,
 Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
 In every rural sight or sound;
 Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
 No charm of genuine nature past;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
 Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
 Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
 With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake :
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide,
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer Echo loves to lie.
 No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
 Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
 No Fairies run in fiery rank ;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,

The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wonderful wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,

His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew :
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold :
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd :
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wisard's proud domain.

O D E VIII.

T H E

III

COMPLAINT of CHERWELL.*

I.

ALL pensive from her osier-woven bow'r
 CHERWELL arose. Around her darkening edge
 Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,
 And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
 She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
 And tore the rushy wreath that bound her stream-
 ing hair.

II.

Ah! why, she cried, should Isis share alone,
 The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
 Shall every song her happier influence own,
 And stamp with partial praise her favorite name?

* One of the Rivers at Oxford.

While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

III.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse ;
Nor fees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues :
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speck-
led shell.

IV.

In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high ;
Lo ! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery :
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen ?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
 No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
 (While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale
 is hung,)
 Where meet our streams, indulging short delay:
 No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st
 to take
 My cress-born flowers that float in many a shady
 lake.

VI.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
 Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
 Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
 Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
 Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
 Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving
 mound.

VII.

Lo! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
 To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
 The freshness of my pastures to defile,
 Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
 But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
 Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

VIII.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
 Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
 The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
 And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
 All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
 Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ri-
 pen'd hay.

IX.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
 So to new notes shall my coy Echo string

Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the flow pace of Contemplation bring :

Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme : if unrequited love

Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe ;

Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,

Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath ;

Here hail the Muses : from the busy throng,

Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts
the song.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING RICHARD the first, celebrated for his achievements in the crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provencial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favorite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was king Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and king Richard.

O D E IX.
THE CRUSADE.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimble we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:

- " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
- " English Richard ploughs the deep!
- " Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
- " From distant towers, with anxious eye,
- " The radiant range of shield and lance
- " Down Damascus' hills advance:
- " From Sion's turrets as afar
- " Ye ken the March of Europe's war!

" Saladin, thou paynim king
 " From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
 " On Acon's * spiry citadel,
 " Though to the gale thy banners swell,
 " Pictur'd with the silver moon;
 " England shall end thy glory soon!
 " In vain, to break our firm array,
 " Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
 " Those sounds our rising fury fan:
 " English Richard in the van.
 " On to victory we go,
 " A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand.
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
 Far along the smiling main
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

* A capital christian city and fortress of Syria.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth:
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

“ Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
“ Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
“ Object of our holy vow,
“ We tread the Tyrian vallies now,
“ From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
“ We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
“ O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
“ Waves the date-empurpled palm,
“ See, Lebanon's aspiring head
“ Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
“ Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
“ Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
“ Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
“ Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
“ Your ravish'd honours to restore,
“ Fearless we climb this hostile shore!

- " And thou, the sepulchre of god !
 " By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 " Bereft of every awful rite,
 " And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
 " For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
 " Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
 " Aloft in his heroic hand,
 " Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
 " O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 " Resistless Kaliburn he wields*.
 " Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 " The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 " From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 " In vain, thy gloomy castles frown :
 " Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 " In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;

* Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur: which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the first; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable price, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.

- “ And, rolling in terrific state,
 “ On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 “ When eve has hush’d the buzzing camp,
 “ Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
 “ Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
 “ Haunt us on the tented plain :
 “ We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 “ Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !
 “ With many a demon, pale of hue,
 “ Doom’d to drink the bitter dew •
 “ That drops from Macon’s footy tree,
 “ Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 “ Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 “ The christian’s holy courage quell.
 “ Salem, in antient majesty
 “ Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 “ Soon on thy battlements divine
 “ Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 “ Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
 “ Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !”

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING HENRY the second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick king of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was king Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that king Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembroke-shire: and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

O D E X.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer :

Girt with many an armed peer,

And canopied with golden pall,

Amid CILGARRAN'S castle hall,

Sublime in formidable state,

And warlike splendour, Henry fate ;

Prepar'd to stain the briny flood

Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

 Illumining the vaulted roof,

A thousand torches flam'd aloof :

From massy cups, with golden gleam

Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :

To grace the gorgeous festival,

Along the lofty-window'd hall,

The storied tapestry was hung :

With minstrelsy the rafters rung

Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyfs,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attempter'd thus the fabling rime.

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 “ High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;
 “ On Tintagel's * topmost tower
 “ Darksom fell the sleety shower ;

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel castle, where king Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coast, of Cornwall,

" Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 " The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 " On each tall rampart's thundering side
 " The surges of the tumbling tide :
 " When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
 " On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks :
 " By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 " Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 " Yet in vain a paynim foe
 " Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
 " For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 " All in secret, and unseen,
 " O'er the fainting hero threw
 " Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
 " And bade her spirits bear him far,
 " In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 " To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
 " Far in the navel of the deep.
 " O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 " From flowers that in Arabia grew :

" On a rich-inchanted bed,
 " She pillow'd his majestic head ;
 " O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 " Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand ;
 " And to soft music's airy sound,
 " Her magic curtains clos'd around.
 " There, renew'd the vital spring,
 " Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 " And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 " Blooming in immortal prime,
 " By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
 " Owns the monarch's high command :
 " Thence to Britain shall return,
 " (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
 " Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
 " His antient sceptre to resume ;
 " Once more, in old heroic pride,
 " His barbed courser to bestride ;
 " His knightly table to restore,
 " And the brave tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd : when on the tuneful stage
 Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard, all white as spangles frore
 That cloath Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
 With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
 His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
 And thus he wak'd the warbling wire :

“ Listen, Henry, to my read !

“ Not from fairy realms I lead

“ Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate

“ In forged colours Arthur's fate ;

“ Though much of old romantic lore

“ On the high theme I keep in store :

“ But boastful Fiction should be dumb,

“ Where Truth the strain might best become.

“ If thine ear may still be won

“ With songs of Uther's glorious son ;

" Henry, I a tale unfold,
 " Never yet in rime enroll'd,
 " Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
 " Which in my youth's full early flower,
 " A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 " Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
 " Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 " Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 " What time the glistening vapours fled
 " From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
 " And on its sides the torrents gray
 " Shone to the morning's orient ray.
 " When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
 " No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
 " Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 " In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
 " Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
 " Slaughter'd kings in glory go :

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire;

“ But when he fell, with winged speed,
 “ His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 “ From the battle’s hurricane,
 “ Bore him to Joseph’s towered fane,
 “ In the fair vale of Avalon † :
 “ There, with chanted orison,
 “ And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 “ The stoled fathers met the bier ;
 “ Through the dim iles, in order dread
 “ Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 “ And deep intomb’d in holy ground,
 “ Before the altar’s solemn bound.
 “ Around no dusky banners wave,
 “ No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 “ Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 “ Each trace that Time’s flow touch had worn ;
 “ And long, o’er the neglected stone,
 “ Oblivion’s veil its shade has thrown ;

† Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea in
 a spot, antiently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.

- “ The faded tomb, with honour due,
 “ ’Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
 “ Thither, when Conquest has restor’d
 “ Yon recreant isle, and sheath’d the sword,
 “ When peace with palm has crown’d thy brows,
 “ Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 “ There, observant of my lore,
 “ The pavement’s hallow’d depth explore ;
 “ And thrice a fathom underneath
 Dive into the vaults of death.
 “ There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 “ On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 “ There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 “ All in warrior-weeds array’d ;
 “ Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 “ And weapons huge of old renown.
 “ Martial prince, ’tis thine to save
 “ From dark oblivion Arthur’s grave !
 “ So may thy ships securely stem
 “ The western frith : thy diadem

" Shine victorious in the van,
 " Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
 " Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 " Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay* :
 " And from the steeps of rough Kildare
 " Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
 " So may thy bow's unerring yew
 " Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew †."

Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high ;
 With passions new the song impress'd
 The listening king's impatient breast :
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
 Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace ;

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-sager, The *Fair-haired*, king of Norway, is said, in the Life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprize, chiefly by the use of the long-bow. with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted,

And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wonderful tomb:
 Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
 Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made;
 And drag to day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine.

S O N N E T S.

2 O N E T S

SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Winslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
 Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :
 Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since He far distant strays,
 With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recal those happier days.

S O N N E T II.

O N B A T H I N G.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
 And, ere it's earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim :
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgey wreath,
 She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

S O N N E T III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

Deem not, devoid of elegance, the Sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child ;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely stil'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle !
 Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
 T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile* :
 Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
 Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore :
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
 To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd :
 Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
 We muse on many an antient tale renown'd.

* One of Bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

S O N N E T V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
 Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
 And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
 How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
 My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
 In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours!
 Vain the complaint: for FANCY can impart
 (To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
 Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
 She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
 Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
 Bid the green landkip's vernal beauty bloom:
 And in bright trophies cloath the twilight wall.

S O N N E T VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
 My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings ;
 Unseen, unheard, O GRAY, to thee she sings !
 While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,
 At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
 Thy penfive genius strikes the moral strings ;
 Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
 Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
 Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd :
 Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
 No, bard divine ! For many a care beguil'd
 By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
 For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
 To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

SONNET VII.

While summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
 Thro' Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
 Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
 And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
 I journied blythe. Full pensive I return'd;
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
 Which late in careless indolence I past;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
 Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
 I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom !

SONNET VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE,

AT WINCHESTER.

Where Venta's Norman castle still appears
 Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,
 And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
 On yonder steep in naked state appears;
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
 The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wifard Time,
 And fade the British characters away;
 Yet Spencer's page, that chants in verse sublime
 Those Chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

S O N N E T IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
 While pensive Memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

SONNET IX.

TO THE RIVER LONDON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
 Where first my Muse to his notes began!
 While pensive Memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between;
 Much pleasure more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native thorn! those kisses and runs to pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor silent, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.